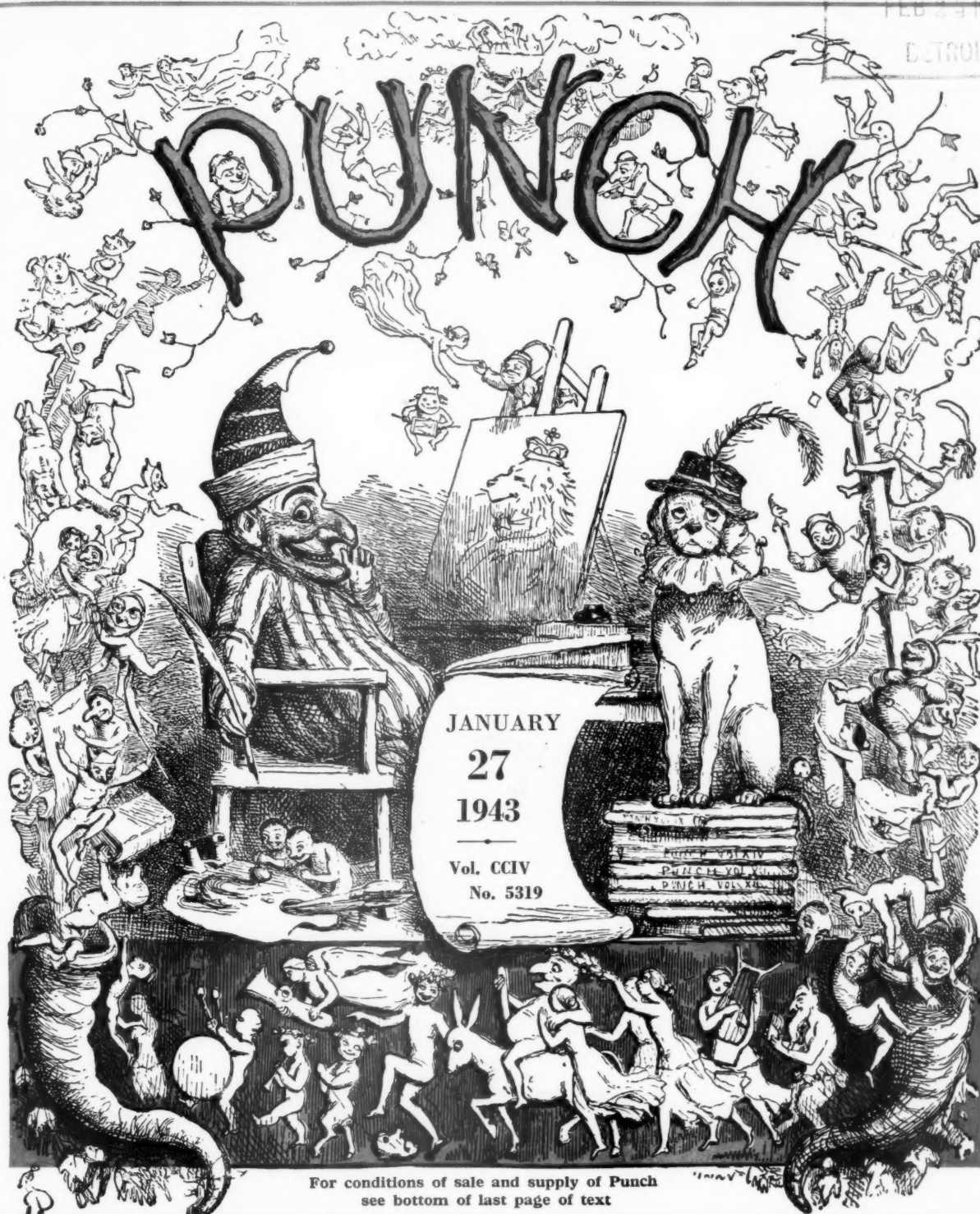


WINNERS
ON
"POINTS"

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

SUCCESS
THROUGH
QUALITY

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please



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the glory on their wings



Night raids . . .
Daylight raids . . .
Intruder raids . . . into
the dawn—across the
bars of sunset,
through rain and storm.
B U T . . . whatever the
weather—
cloudy or clear
there is always . . .
always a glory
on their wings—
for they go to avenge
the innocent,
to break the tyrant,
to release a continent
from slavery . . .
to save mankind.
No enterprise more
glorious in the
story of the world.
Once they were few,
now they are many—
they must be more—
more—and still more,
until only *they* darken
the new dawn . . .
and their tenuous
shadows are the
only darkness
on the fields . . .
and tents . . .
and towns of Europe.
MORE . . .

still MORE.

Until this glorious consummation is achieved, we on the civilian front cannot pause or relax. However hard we work, however much we deny ourselves, however much we save from our earnings, our best must be counted short of our needs until Victory is in our grasp. . . . Are you sure that you are saving ENOUGH ?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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WHETHER AN OFFICER IS POSTED TO —, somewhere near the Equator, or — where it's often 15° below, 'Viyella' Service Shirts are his best choice. Their smooth healthy texture makes them comfortable in any extremes of climate, and their smartness on parade is as noticeable as ever, even after a long life of hard wear and washing. In Navy, Army and Air Force regulation styles and colours from 18/11, collars 2/7½. 'Viyella' Service Ties 3/3. Stocked by high-class hosiers and outfitters everywhere.



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MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own.

Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/3d. an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

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GREAT SCOTCH!

OLD ANGUS



A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by Connoisseurs

O.A.15

STOP THAT
COLD WITH
VAPEX
INHALANT

For the safe, quick,
pleasant relief of
Colds and Catarrh
Breathe the Vapour

Of all Chemists 2/3

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

V222

DIG BUT USE CLOCHES



Chase Cloches are half the battle when it comes to growing your own Vegetables. Chase Cloches double your output without increasing space. ensure healthful fresh food the year round. They pay for themselves over and over again. 3-YEAR GROWING CHART, post free, 1/-

Chase

CONTINUOUS CLOCHES

CHASE CULTIVATION Ltd., Abbey Road, CHERTSEY

MECCANO

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HORNBY TRAINS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOYS

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys to-day, but they will be ready for you again after the war. In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13



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RADIO RECEIVERS AND
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INSTRUMENTS of FINE QUALITIES



Britain's

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of fresh fruit is in

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Golden Shred Works
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Book Your Order
NOW



for this wonderful
'SPITFIRE' Collection

No need to send cash unless you wish. We will send invoice with the plants in the Spring. This Collection is really splendid value.

SPITFIRE (Harlequin)
SUNDERLAND . . . (White Ground)
WHIRLWIND (Luscious Red)
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BLENHEIM (Mauve Shade)
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1 plant of ea. 2 plants of ea. 3 plants of ea.
10/- 19/- 27/6

NEW GARDEN PEA

Allwood's "PROLIFIC." The most abundant and delicious of garden peas. Height about 2-ft.
Half Pint, 1/3. Pint, 2/3. Post 2d.

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Allwood's "OUTDOOR MARVEL"—a most wonderful cropper. Raise in usual way and plant out in very late May. Per Packet, 1/5

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A very fine Onion, producing medium-sized bulbs of long-keeping qualities. Selected and grown by us. Per Packet, 1/6

VEGETABLE LIST, ETC., ON REQUEST

Allwood Bros

Food Growers

68, HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX

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A SPA AT HOME!

By Dr. Quignon.

It is generally agreed by my confrères—all of them specialists in the treatment of rheumatic disorders—that rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are more quickly relieved by spa water cures than by any other treatment.

In 'Alkia Saltrates' there are reproduced the essential medicinal principles of seven famous spa waters, including those of Vichy, Carlsbad and Aix-les-Bains.

A teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' dissolved in a tumbler of warm water gives the same benefits as long cures at Continental spas. 'Alkia Saltrates' act at once in the relief of backache and lumbago, and after the first few days even the most long-standing rheumatism will yield to the treatment.

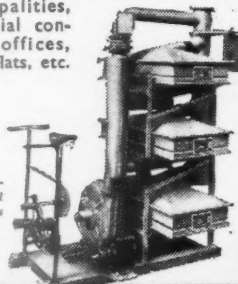
There is no finer prescription for keeping the body healthy year in and year out, and for preventing the distressing ailments which often take hold in middle life. 'Alkia Saltrates' may be obtained from any chemist at 3/9d. per bottle, including Purchase Tax.

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Self Contained

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This three-filter-unit plant (with stand-by pedal operation) provides perfect ventilation and air filtration for 105 persons, however long the plant may have to be in operation. Similar plants have been installed with success by municipalities, industrial concerns, offices, hotels, flats, etc.



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build again, take
the long view and
use



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FERODO BRAKE LININGS MAKE MOTORING SAFE



'COLD' FACTS

THE Ministry of Health asks all of us to help in defeating the common cold. It is up to us to do so. "Sanitas" and the handkerchief combat the spread of infection.



Gargle with "Sanitas" solution before and after work in crowded factories and offices; and after travelling in study trains and 'buses.

Before laundering, soak handkerchiefs in warm water and "Sanitas".

Spray "Sanitas" in the home; in shelters; and wherever crowds collect. It purifies, medicates and sweetens the air—so preventing contagion.

"Sanitas" destroys the Germs of Disease.

From Chemists 1½d. & 2½d. per bottle. (incl. Pur. Tax.)

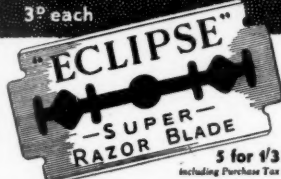
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THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

ON REQUEST

Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to: SANITAS CO. LTD., Dept. P.U.1 51, Clapham Rd., S.W.9

Now made only
in the popular
SLOTTED PATTERN
3rd each



"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the look-out for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.

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DISTINCTION
WITH THE
RIGHT AGE
COMMANDING
RESPECT

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SCOTLAND

MANY DIFFERENT
UNIFORMS. . . .



BUT
STILL
THE
ONE
COLLAR

Never was man's dress so varied as in these war-time days of uniforms, but men still choose 'Van Heusen'. In 'Civvie Street', too, men spend their coupons on 'Van Heusen' Collars which won their popularity by their good looks, comfort and long life.

"VAN
HEUSEN"

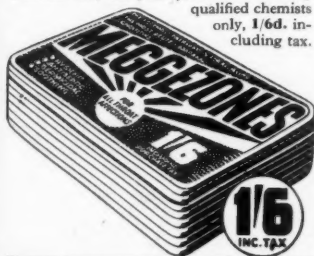
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Sole Manufacturers: Harding, Tilton & Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset

MEGGEZONES
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH

WHEN your throat feels like a furnace and the back of your nose is harsh and dry, that is the time you need MEGGEZONES. MEGGEZONES soothe the inflamed membranes, take away the soreness from your throat, and clear the stuffy breathing passages. The germicidal ingredients in MEGGEZONES destroy lurking microbes and prevent further infection. Diseases like Catarrh, epidemics like 'Flu, Common Cold all start in the nose and throat. Be on the safe side. Carry MEGGEZONES with you always. MEGGEZONES are made and guaranteed by MEGGESON CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.16, makers of medicated pastilles and lozenges since the year 1796. MEGGEZONES are, for your protection, sold by qualified chemists only, 1/6d. including tax.



FROG
MODEL AEROPLANES
L.B. LTD. London

5" of water... (that's patriotism)



a tablet of WRIGHT'S
(that's practical)

Gad sir! They're right about Wright's. What a magnificent lather with just a spot of warm water (or cold if you're a spartan). And what a clean job of work after a night on duty. And what a fine reconditioning for another day's work.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

7½d per tablet (Tax included) One tablet — one coupon



The first would be for the papers that your newsagent delivers—in those districts where messengers can still be obtained. If each customer, especially in the country and where houses are set well back

from the road, would fix a newspaper box at his gate so that the delivery boy need not go right up to the front door, some rounds could be stretched a little and a few more people relieved of the trouble of fetching their own papers.

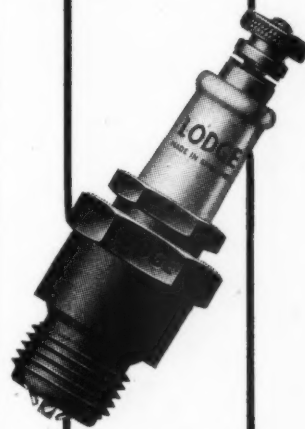
The second box we have in mind—or better still a depot—is for collecting and passing on papers and magazines when they are done with. Newsagents cannot very well undertake this work themselves, for

obvious reasons, but none know better than they how many people are going without because of paper-rationing. Hospitals, and men and women in the Forces, would particularly appreciate a good-neighbourly action such as this. Please share your newspapers and magazines before they are salvaged.



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THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD



ON THE
WORLD'S
BEST
AIRCRAFT
AND CARS

LODGE PLUGS LTD.
RUGBY

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE
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555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.



TO-DAY'S FUEL FLASH

Keep warmer on BOVRIL



Until then...

When the birds chirp and splash in discarded tin hats and the barbed wire is rolled up and rusting away there'll be new Ford cars to help you enjoy the peace of the countryside. Until then, if you must use your car for essential work it is your duty to get the utmost mileage out of tyres. Check inflation periodically. Avoid unnecessary braking and acceleration. Never exceed 30 m.p.h. Tyre - watching is as important as fire - watching.



Tyres will be scarcer



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88, REGENT STREET, W.1

Less Time for Housework

The quickness and ease in use of 'Mansion' is helping many thousands of busy War Workers to keep their homes bright and healthy.

more need for

A WAR-TIME NECESSITY

ONE TIN MUST DO THE WORK OF TWO



FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

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Now for the Army!

FOR cold and wet there can be nothing so good as this smart but essentially business-like Vitabeau. Its wonderful "Tropical" Lining is four times warmer than wool and only a quarter of its weight. It gives you the fullest of protection without impeding movement. In Khaki and Blue Egyptian Cotton Gabardine, lined throughout body and sleeves, with strap and button wind-proof wrist cuffs, this is a coat that will keep out wind and weather for years of hard wearing service.



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In all usual sizes. Write, 'phone or call for particulars of where obtainable, and prices, etc.

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PUNCEY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5319

January 27 1943

Charivaria

"In America," a correspondent claims, "a sheep has been taught to talk." Says ewe!

o o

A German newspaper-writer has stated that Herr HITLER's greatest mistake was the attack on Russia. He was thirty-four years of age.

o o

Mathematics for the Million

"These forces, which numbered about 200,000 men, have been reduced from 70,000 to 80,000."—*Sunday Chronicle*.



It is complained that too many Government officials use cars. After all, secret documents can just as easily be left in a bus.

o o

The fact that Rome may be the next place to be bombed by our Air Force is said to be causing the Italians much anxiety. They realize, of course, that it cannot be rebuilt in a day.

o o

"Convicts are often very superstitious," claims a prison chaplain. Many of them regard thirteen as an unlucky number, when it is made up of twelve jurors and a judge.

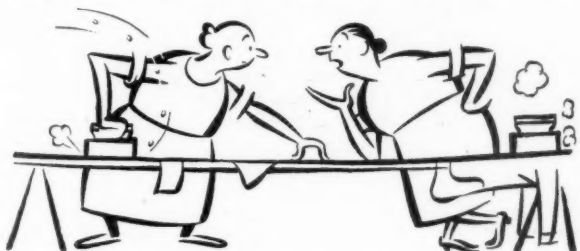
o o

A woman writer wants to know what excuse can a sergeant-major have for swearing when he is drilling recruits. That he is drilling recruits, perhaps.



E

"When I rejected his highly-complicated theories, our cost accountant tried to hit me over the head with a hatchet," says a factory manager. Evidently one of those persons with a weakness for splitting hairs.



Men's vests are to be buttonless, by a Board of Trade order. Previously this work was done by the laundries.

o o

"A SIX-YEAR-OLD MAGICIAN"

A novel feature of a Swindon concert on Wednesday was the item, 'Our Magic,' in which Horace King, the magician, and his wife, Betty, introduced into the cat their six-year-old son, Graham."

North Wilts Herald.

Pleased to meet you.

o o

Three M.P.s, recent sufferers with lumbago, met together in the lounge of a theatre. For a little back-chat?

o o

A naturalist reminds us that ferrets cannot catch colds. But they can catch rabbits, and what else really matters?

o o

A U.S. soldier in Britain was married to an American girl in Washington by radio. A technical hitch.

o o

Pleasure-boating at Brighton has been at a standstill since the war. Hove too?

o o

"We should take the bull by the horns and demand to know where we stand about fresh milk," writes an agricultural expert. Would that be precisely the right authority?

After the Battle

THERE may be some tribunal
Where wolves can stand and plead
That murders are communal
And foulness is a creed:

Some little human sentence
To follow far and late
The sins beyond repentance,
The crimes too deep for hate.

I only ask of Justice
One interim decree,
So large in her my trust is
I think she should agree.

That those who did not waver
But worked the Fuehrer's will
And wore his bestial favour
Should wear that favour still.

We may not ask requital
For blood and blast and flame
But we can brand the title
With everlasting shame.

And only by long labour
And service and good grace
Shall Huns be fit to neighbour
And know the human race.

Till then (reprieve or punish),
This much shall be their loss
Because their life was Hunnish
To wear the Crooked Cross,

Dark seal of degradation
Till heart is changed and mind,
And sewn, for observation,
Onto their suits behind.

EVOE.

"I Remember a Somewhat Similar Situation in the Autumn of '39..."

ONE of the minor consolations of Britain at the present time is what may be called the "sixth-term" complex, the satisfactory sense of having been in it from the beginning and the superiority that springs from long experience of even the most distasteful matters. Hack journalists, old schoolmasters, much-married men, lifelong sufferers from gout, all have this complex and all rigorously extract the last ounce of contentment from the feeling when a comparative neophyte in their own line of business swims into their ken. "When you have been at it as long as I have, my boy—," they say, and the neophyte, loath to inflict physical injury on a greying head, stuffs his hands in his pockets and makes the best of it.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

(I prefer "sixth-term" complex to the more strictly accurate fourth year, because the latter is associated in my mind with University life, and at Oxford at any rate—I do not speak for Cambridge and rarely, unless under compulsion, of it—the fourth-year man was just the slightest bit *passé*. He lived in digs somewhere up the Iffley Road and was only there at all because the subject he had chosen to read took such an unconscionable time a-doing. The third-year men were in charge. Whereas your sixth-termer—well, I know of no feeling of superiority like that of the sixth-term schoolboy over the ghastly new-boy.)

The Americans, God bless 'em, have to bear the brunt of our battle-scarred, oldest-member attitude and as always they show that they can take it. I shouldn't like to use the word "patronizing" to describe the average English newspaper or the average English family, discussing America's first faint shufflings in the direction of rationing and salvage and tyre economy; perhaps "tolerant amusement" sounds better. But whatever you call it, there the feeling is, and a mighty comfortable glow it brings with it. I know a man who regularly reads the "Notes from America" column in his bath. He says a paragraph about motorists over there being limited to five tyres per car, or a note about the shortage of cream in Chicago makes him feel so good he can cut his water-level down to four or even three-and-a-half inches and not notice the cold. He is fond of saying "They'll learn, they'll learn," and last time I saw him he showed me a cutting about Lord Woolton at a display of seventy-five dishes composed wholly or partly of potatoes. "Including slab-cake and sponge-cakes," you'll notice," he pointed out proudly. "Not that they can teach me anything about potatoes; I'm having one brought up with my early morning tea as it is. They wouldn't like that much."

"Who wouldn't?" I said, but I knew very well whom he meant.

I must say this business of closing schools and cinemas in New York because of a shortage of fuel is a bit of a facer. It doesn't seem to be quite playing the game. One doesn't suffer from a shortage of fuel in the first thirteen months of war. Worse still, this La Guardia chap has begun to talk about the meat position, or some such thing, as "serious," and there's a rumour of coffee being short. Nonsense. We're not short of coffee yet over here. It's simply some small anti-British clique trying to do us out of the credit again, that's all it is.

I was talking of these things the other day to Fergusson and he said "Well, if you think there's something noble and elevating in being short of paper and essential fats and all the rest of it, the Germans ought to be feeling pretty cock-a-hoop. They've been on a war-footing since about 1933 remember."

Of course Fergusson is a tiresome sort of fellow and I do think he twists what one says round and gives it a meaning one never intended, but all the same what he said about the Germans made me wonder a bit, and as luck would have it while I was still wondering I came across a thing in the *Sunday Times* that pretty well cut the ground from under my feet. The *Volksischer Beobachter* had been commenting on the scarcity of Christmas presents in Vienna and this is what it said:

"The most unsuitable things were bought by the public such as eye-baths, old-fashioned spittoons and enormous cruets. Any number of muzzles for oxen of no use at all to towns-people were sold in the centre of Vienna within a few minutes."

Well, there you are. What becomes of that comfortable feeling of being up against it when you read a thing like that? And when I think of the letters that were being



THE EVENING CALL

"I've come round to tell you that your black-out's too perfect."

[A little more light in some of our deeper darknesses is promised by Mr. Herbert Morrison.]



"Thanks awfully for asking us, Mrs. James. It was jolly good for war-time."

written by Austrian aunts and cousins a few weeks ago—"Thank you so much for the old-fashioned spittoon. It is just what we have been wanting and goes so very much better with the drawing-room furniture than the wretched modern thing we have had to put up with till now.

I am sending you an enormous cruet which I hope you will like—"

How the Austrians must despise us if they have the faintest conception of the kind of gifts, many of them almost useful, which were being bandied about the country this Christmastide. And what years it is going to take us to catch up. How long, I ask myself, is it going to be before the windows of Harrods and Gamage's and Selfridges are crammed with muzzles for oxen? Years, probably.

When I think of these things and when, in moments of despair, I think of China, compared with whom we are, let's face it, mere sophomores on the field of battle, I am almost persuaded to discard my sixth-term privileges and take refuge in the only other conceivable attitude, that of the truculent new-boy. He hasn't been there long, but, boy, now he has arrived he's going to make things hum. The only drawback to this is that the position is, so to speak, already taken. As always, the Americans, God bless 'em, know how to dish it out.

H. F. E.

Submarines

("H.M. Submarine — is now much overdue, and must be considered lost.")

"I TAKE off my 'at to them blokes in the submarines," said Murphy,
 "It ain't no picnic for none of us fellers at sea;
 What with mines and bombs, there's always something to worry you,
 But I reckon theirs is the toughest traverse of the whole lot," said he.

"If you're sunk, well, you've got a chance of your life maybe,
 You've got the sea round you and the sky overhead,
 And if I've got to go I'd as soon that way as any other—
 But if they die, they die in the dark," he said.

"Down there in the dark, and nobody seein' them,
 Nobody ever to know how the end come,
 How or when, or slow or sudden, or anything at all about it,
 Only that the days go by, an' they don't come 'ome . . ."

C. F. S.

The Capitalists

"DELIGHTED to see you, old chap! It's quite like old times. Sorry I couldn't meet you."

"Oh, that's all right. That's a wonderful bus service from the station."

"Isn't it an amazing bit of luck? You pick it up just outside the station and it drops you within half a mile of the lodge gates."

"You don't mean to say it's daily?"

"No, no, no, old man. Be reasonable. It runs on Tuesdays and Thursdays. On Mondays and Wednesdays and Saturdays it goes round the *other* way, nowhere near us. Friday, being market day, it isn't much use to anybody, really, because there's never a seat to be had. Come in, come in."

"Nice to see the old place again."

"Well, we're lucky to be still here. You don't mind the back kitchen, do you? We use it as our sitting-room nowadays."

"Very nice too. We sit in what used to be the old dog-kennel. You remember the old dog-kennel?—The P.G.s have the drawing-room and the library, and we've some W.A.A.F.s on the first floor, and my mother-in-law and a couple of old friends have a kind of little flat of their own on the top floor. It all works out splendidly."

"It sounds jolly good, old man. How do you keep the old dog-kennel warm?"

"It's just as warm as the house, old chap. No heating in either, you know. When the weather gets colder we shall be able to run to one fire, I hope, and then I suppose we shall all sit round it together. The kitchen will really be the best place for that."

"Splendid. Now here, we're in a bit of a difficulty."

"Ah, it's the size of the rooms. I said to myself as I was walking up the cedar avenue, 'Now *what*,' I said, 'can they do about the ballroom or the saloon or the hall, or even the big dining-room?'"

"My dear fellow, haven't you heard? We've had the most amazing piece of luck. There's a Boys' Reformatory in the house at this very moment."

"But that's simply magnificent! And they don't mind your staying on yourselves?"

"Not the least bit in the world. We have the back kitchen and the pantry and the little room under the stairs where the knife-boy used to sleep, and they have all the rest of the house. It works out wonderfully well."

"Do you see a great deal of them?"

"Well, not a very great deal. We always use the back door, of course, and there's a little bit of the garden they don't seem to care about—you remember where the septic tank was put in?—We stroll round there, sometimes. Still, one's away nearly all day long."

"Still doing A.R.P.?"

"Still doing A.R.P. What about the Home Guard?"

"Oh, still doing the Home Guard."

"My wife's busy with the W.V.S. and canteen work, and she runs down to the hospital once or twice a week, when she hasn't got a committee-meeting."

"Splendid. Mine's got her hands pretty full, too, as Billeting-officer, and of course she runs the local salvage, and she's taken on the whole of the garden since our man was called up."

"Grand. We find doing the cooking a bit of a tax, I must say, but we're extraordinarily fortunate—we've found a youngish woman who's a bit mental, poor thing, to come in and help two mornings a week. It makes all the difference."

"Yes, of course it does. My mother-in-law helps with the cooking, though she's rather blind, poor old thing. I do the washing-up myself, and the boots."

"Capital, old man. Now I do hope you won't mind high tea instead of dinner. We find it makes the work easier."

"It'll suit me perfectly. I take out sandwiches for lunch every day, so I get a bit hungry by six o'clock."

"Splendid, old chap. I know my wife's been killing the fatted calf in your honour. As a matter of fact, she's got hold of a rabbit."

"I say, I say! Really, I don't feel I ought—"

"Nonsense, nonsense, old man."

"Well, I've brought a quarter of a pound of tea, and two ozs. of margarine, and a pot of gooseberry jam."

"Now, that's really very good of you. Thanks most awfully. Would you like to see your room? I'm afraid it's only the back landing, just outside the linen-cupboard, but we've screened it off and put up a camp bed."

"And very nice too. Delightful to see the old place again."

"I hope you won't mind a candle, old chap, but we haven't been able to black-out the big skylight very satisfactorily, and of course we're trying to save electric light as well."

"Quite right, old man, couldn't be better. We can't manage a spare room at all, at home. Last time my wife's sister came we had to ask her to sleep on the roof. She said she was so used to fire-watching she didn't mind a bit."

"Capital. Now I do hope you've got everything you want? We usually put on a kettle just before bed-time, but if you don't mind cold water you can use the pantry sink at any time."

"Thanks very much. Well, it's grand to be here again, just like old times."

"That's what I say, old chap. Quite like old times." E. M. D.

New Drapery

FROM the time when she could toddle,

Lone amid the shortened throng,

Scorning still the latest "model"

Delia's worn her tresses long.

'Gainst the crop and hybrid bingle

She has ever stood out firm;

Not for her the fluffed-out shingle

Nor the well-attended perm.

Now, for lack of hairpins partly,

Partly that she's made to wear Caps that somehow don't go smartly

With a noble head of hair,

She must have her glory scissored.

May it suit her: who can say?

'Twould have chilled me to the gizzard

Had it chanced but yesterday.

But, I learn, if treated rightly

Human hair when long and fine

Has a sound and not unsightly

Value in the drapery line;

Warm and durable, 'tis fitted

Not alone for tweed or drill

But, I'm glad to hear, when knitted

Has a merit higher still.

Weave me, then, a so-called woolly

Of my Delia's ruddy thatch,

One to go about me fully

With a comforter to match;

So, though winter winds be steely, a

Cold or cough I'll nowise reck,

Snuggled in the embrace of Delia,

Delia clinging round my neck.

DUM-DUM.

Practical Demonstration

WHEN I am teaching my Course of prospective N.C.O.s how to run the administrative side of the war I lay particular stress on the subject of Reports to the Commanding Officer. It is a subject fraught with stumbling-blocks, especially when the pupils are lead-toy-casters, progress chasers, fetcher's helpers, central lathe turners and plate-glass cutters by profession. Most of them have doubled their ages since last they held a pen; they write with their tongues out, while moisture glistens amongst their thinning hair.

First of all I give them all the details. The address must be formal, the "subject" full (and underlined), the first paragraph stereotyped to the ultimate colon, the ending standardized. At the foot the writer's signature must appear ("No, no, your *signature*, Smith, *not* 'CROPORL SMITH, J.' in capital letters!"). Neatness, spelling and punctuation must have their share of attention, sentences must be short, matter must be relevant and language must be plain. A report must paint a clear picture of the occurrence contained in its subject, and it must show that "correct action" was taken by the writer. The whole must be written on foolscap paper, with a one-inch margin on the left-hand side ("the left-hand side, Smith!") and containing a number of brief paragraphs, the first line of each being slightly indented. ("Leave a little space, Smith, that's what 'indented' means.")

After I've given them the details, which are received with puzzled writhings, I give them my favourite specimen report, as follows:—

To the Commanding Officer,
R.A.F. Station,
Wingspanton.

SUBJECT:—ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF
A PORTABLE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER IN
BUILDING 148.

SIR,—I have to submit for your information the following Report:

At Wingspanton on 27/1/43 at 0800 hours I accidentally knocked over a portable fire-extinguisher at the north end of the main corridor of Building 148. It immediately began to discharge its contents.

I at once carried it out into the courtyard and allowed it to empty itself down a drain.

At 0820 hours I took the portable fire-extinguisher to Sergeant Brown, B., N.C.O. i/c Station Fire Department,

and arranged for it to be refilled and replaced.

No damage was done.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) W. GREEN, Cpl.

Wingspanton.

27/1/43.

They copy this down with many grunts and mutterings, looking up from time to time to say, "S too quick,

the chanters may not cease except upon my instructions it is difficult to tell how long I sleep on these occasions.

It has occurred to me that some of my pupils who have held posts as insurance inspectors, bank managers, and so on (for we are a mixed lot) may find my educational methods trying; but they are in the minority, and our aim is the greatest efficiency of the greatest number.

Hitherto—that is, until last Friday—I have felt a certain pride in my treatment of reports to the Commanding Officer. I have always felt that whatever else a pupil of mine might lack upon completing his education under my guidance, he would at least be able to write a report to the Commanding Officer. But on Friday my complacency was shattered.

Smith, whose civilian calling was that of tanner's winder, has proved a disappointment to me. Last Friday afternoon, a pay-day, my pupils took their places in the class-room with the contented air of men who are once more of substance. Their homely faces, which had for the last few days borne the furrows of financial strain, were gay, and would continue so at least over the week-end. But the face of Smith was furrowed still. It appeared that after pay-parade that morning he had been unfortunate. Some unknown airman, seeking an object with which to prop open the swing door of the assembly-hall, had found a portable fire-extinguisher, and propped it with that. Smith, rushing from the parade, blinded by the sight of the fabulous wealth on the pay-table, had accidentally unpropped it. The portable fire-extinguisher "immediately began to discharge its contents," in accordance with the recognized precept.

"But that's splendid, Smith!" I said—"what an opportunity to write your report!"

"I've wrote it, Corp."

"You have? Then you've nothing to worry about. Did you hand it in to the Unit Warrant Officer?"

"Yes, Corp., and 'e—"

"Then everything's fine. Sit down, and I'll begin on 'Charges, How to Frame Them.'"

"I'm on one, Corp."

"You're what?"

"On a charge, Corp. I wrote out the report, 'actly like the speci—speci—"

"Specimen."

"—like the specimen. Warn't it, mates?"

When Winter Comes

WHEN Winter comes, and come it must,

Our simple sailors put their trust
Not only in their daily tot
Of Navy rum to keep them hot,
Nor wholly in the morning gin
To hold the central heating in.
Though alcohol procures a glow
Does it rebuff the ice or snow?
Can artificial stimulants
Compete with heavy under-pants?
The answer's in the negative.
It's only woollen goods that give
Complete protection (which they need)

To Naval ratings (Nelson's breed).

So up, ye knitters! Up, and knit
A scarf, some gloves (and see they fit),

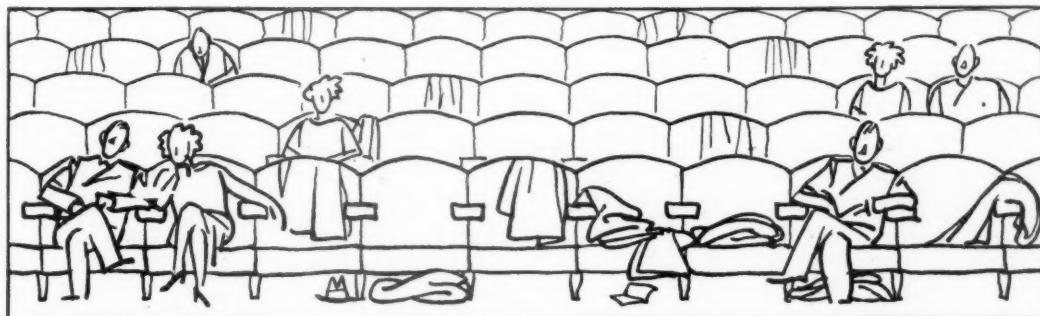
Sea-boot stockings, helmets, too,
As long as they're in Navy blue.
But if you lack the wool, or skill,
Please write a largish cheque and fill

It in to PUNCH'S COMFORTS
FUND;

Address it "Bouverie St., London, E.C.4." And may we plead
That he gives twice, who gives
with speed?

Corp." or to ask for the last two sentences to be repeated. It is a nice, efficient little specimen, and I like it. When they have copied it down I make them say it, one at a time. The bits that never vary I make them chant in unison ("Subject, two dots and a dash . . . Subject, two dots and a dash . . . Subject, two dots and a dash"—and so on). The effect is soothing, especially when it is raining outside and we have a good fire in the class-room. "I have the honour to be, Sir," repeated a dozen times has a pronounced soporific effect upon me, and I sometimes doze off to it; since

THE CHANGED FACE OF BRITAIN
THEATRE INTERVAL



1



2

The remainder of the class growled angry agreement.

"Then I don't see what you're charged with. It was an accident, and you've taken the proper steps."

"Charged wi' making a force statement to a sooperior, that's what!"

"A false statement? Why, what did you say?"

A thickset man at the back stood up.

"'E said same as what you bin learning us," said the thick-set man—"an' look where it got 'im. I told 'im it wasn't right, but 'e would have it that you wouldn't tell us what wasn't proper. When 'e wrote down that he'd carried the extinguisher to a drain I says 'You never—you left it there a-spraying foam all up the passage like porridge, an' when you did pick it up you turned it so it drowned the little room with the carpet in, an' when the officer come out—'"

"Stop!" I said. "Officer? What rank officer?"

Smith spoke for himself this time. "The one at the top of the report, Corp."

A hush.

"I see," I said. "The Commanding Officer. Well?"

"'E had his coat on, Corp., so I didn't spoil 'is uniform—"

"Knocked 'is hat orf, though!" shouted a small pale man exuberantly—"an' then went in 'is room and emptied the syphon in 'is fireplace."

"Smith," I said, still with some appearance of calm—"is this true?"

"Yes, Corp."

"And then you wrote the report I gave you as a specimen?"

"Yes, Corp."

"I see. Did you include the paragraph saying no damage was done?"

Smith brightened. "Yes—I didn't forget nothing!"

"No. Smith—er—did the Warrant Officer by any chance ask you the name of your instructor?"

"Yes, Corp."

"And you—er—told him, of course?"

"Yes, Corp. But I never let on you'd learned us wrong about writing reports."

"Thank you, Smith," I said—"it

was very kind of you to shield me in that way."

A mumble of approval went up from the rest of the class.

o o

The Reluctant Hen-Keeper

I DO hate hens.
I hate their ways;
Their sharp, mean,
Calculating gaze;
The way they scream
And run and scratch,
And fossick round
Their haggard patch
With fierce strong
Avaricious nails,
Like maddened wives
At bargain sales.
Their humourless
Grip beaks I hate,
Their frumpy figures,
Graceless gait.
I hate their naked
Scaley legs,
But darn it! how
I love their eggs.



"What does *Pilaf de Veau*, crossed through, with a dotted line underneath, and the word 'stet,' mean?"

The Phoney Phleet

VI—H.M.S. "Blatherskite"

TORPEDOES cannot be controlled
Once they are launched: that's what
I'm told.
Their course and range and depth are set
And then it's anybody's bet.

Commander Swish, a brainy soul,
Suggested that remote control
By wireless, from a parent ship,
Might steer a tin fish on its trip,
Ensuring that it *couldn't* miss.
The Admiralty took to this
And fitted *Blatherskite* for trials,
Installing amps and oomps and dials
Which no one understood, save Swish.

The moment came; they launched the fish;
He made it do just what it ought.
It rushed to starboard or to port,
Dived, surfaced, went ahead, astern;
It even did a comic turn
By standing on its head.

Just guess
How Swish was moved by his success!
Then guess again: What you don't know
Is that his heart gyrated so
He very nearly dropped down, dead.

The tin fish, with explosive head,
Continued to cut capers round
The sea; and no one could be found
Throughout the Fleet, who knew enough
To make it stop its funny stuff.
It made a most determined charge
Towards an ammunition barge,
Just missed it, grazed the Flagship's paint
(The Admiral was seen to faint),
Then beetled off to give repeat
Performances throughout the Fleet.
For weeks the Navy rushed about,
Zig-zagging, putting smoke-screens out;
For weeks they shot off rockets, guns,
Forgetting all about the Huns,
Absorbed in but a single wish—
Not, repeat not, to meet that fish.

At last the First Lord had to write
Orders to sink the *Blatherskite*,
Since, with her mother-ship blown up,
There'd be no future for the pup.
So *Blatherskite* went down.

That day,
Upon an atoll, far away
From lethally enlightened eye,
Nine savages were blown sky-high,
Who, in their subsequent descent,
Just wondered what the hell it meant
That Boonga-Bong (their Tribal God)
Should send them an exploding cod.

H. J. Talking

WHEN my family was young there was nothing I liked better than to gather them round me and tell them fairy-stories, this being a less exhausting way of doing my duty by them than playing bull-fights, which they really preferred as I was always the bull and my wife would not let me tie on some antlers we had in the hall, so that I was undefended whereas they were armed with anything sharp they could find in the house, a harpoon being the most painful. These few lines are really an introduction to break to you the news that one of these fairy-stories I shall now print.

FAIRY STORY

Little Ephraim had always wanted to dance The Lancers. He would sit for hours with picture-books of soldiers on his lap, following with pudgy finger the exploits of Grenadiers, Life Guards, and Dragoons. But it was always to the Lancers that he returned, and he longed for the day when he could join them in the dance. First, however, he had to find a horse and instruct it in the intricate steps, so that it should not disgrace him. He asked his father for a steed but his father was a poor man and spent his days writing letters to duchesses trying to sell them a method he had invented of making coronets waterproof. He asked his mother for a steed but she was a mean woman and spent her days feeding her bank-manager on rich foods. He met several magicians in the wood at the bottom of the garden and asked them for a steed, but they gave him not what he wanted but what they considered was good for him, and in this way he acquired understanding of the speech of animals, a carpet that would take him to the Moon, and ambidexterity, but he still lacked a horse.

One day, little Ephraim heard that a neighbouring king



"All right, Private Higgs, you can get up now."

was offering his daughter to any suitor bold enough to seek her hand. He had already offered her to anyone who slew a dragon single-handed, anyone who slew a dragon with the help of friends, and anyone who paid twenty golden crowns to the Lord Treasurer. Our hero thought to himself that the son-in-law of a king would surely be provided with a horse and, as for the king's daughter, he knew of a poison which was made from a purple berry and seemed just the thing for her. So full of the spirit of adventure he set out on the long and difficult journey to the royal palace.

Now it so happened that little Ephraim left home when a giant called the Great Rudolfo was ranging far and wide, snatching travellers and gnawing the flesh from their bones. Soon he met the giant stalking moodily in search of his prey. Little Ephraim felt rather frightened and looked round to see if there were anyone in sight with whom he could divert the giant while he made his escape. But the landscape was bare, apart, that is to say, from trees, shrubs, flowers and beetles, which the giant avoided as he knew they lodged in the crevices between his teeth. Soon the Great Rudolfo gave a terrible roar and picked up our hero in his mighty hand, saying, with an evil grin, "I will cook you à la gratin avec vin ordinaire et mushrooms." Little Ephraim now lost his temper and used some very bad language which he had learnt from rabbits, whose conversation is low owing to overcrowding, and this shocked the giant tremendously, because he was very moral and always said grace before he ate his victims and sometimes afterwards as well. "Wherever did you pick up such awful words?" he asked sternly. "In the Fever Hospital before I escaped," little Ephraim casually answered. "Oh, oh," shrieked the giant. "What is the matter with you? Shall I catch it? How can it be avoided?" "Spotted mumps; probably; by keeping to a strictly vegetarian

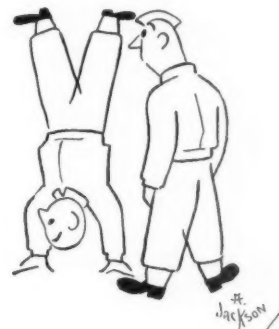
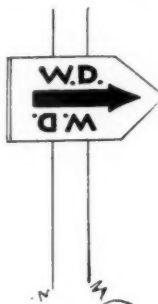
diet," the cunning little fellow replied, with a kind thought for other travellers. And as his stricken captor hurriedly released him he ran on his way.

He tripped along with his head full of fine fancies of what he would do when he was a member of the Royal Family. He would have the heads of his little playmates chopped off; he would watch his old nurse being flayed alive; he would lock his parents in a small chest with holes in the roof through which he would drop hungry and embittered spiders. He would also pass some laws. So intent was he upon his thoughts that he jumped when a voice beside him said: "I will be your sweetheart," and looking round he was disgusted to see the smug figure of a fairy, who further irritated him by giving a girlish simper and shaking some butterflies out of her golden hair. "I want the king's daughter and no substitutes," he snapped, but his dainty companion threw a garland of moonbeams over his neck, and when he rudely spurned this clammy gift, began to weave daisy chains of remarkable length and toughness. Giving up the unequal contest our hero plodded gloomily on, wondering whether fairies could be bought off, and if so, how.

Soon they came to the door of the king's palace. In the great courtyard were many noble horses, and little Ephraim's mouth watered as he felt himself so near the realization of his desire. A grand destiny was before him and he was determined to prove equal to it. He advanced proudly to meet the chief porter, who with grave mien awaited him, but before he could announce his errand, his companion hurriedly interposed, "We are collecting on behalf of the League of Juvenile Republicans," and they were promptly ejected, the fairy floating while little Ephraim bounced.

Filled with fury the baffled suitor turned on the cause of his discomfiture to find her filled with triumphant merriment. Suddenly, she waved her wand and a magnificent mare stood proudly pawing the ground. "This is yours," cooed the fairy, "if you will marry me; if you don't, I shall see to it that you have no other bride." Little Ephraim gnashed his teeth, because he liked to get his own way in his own way, and had become determined to gain a horse by wedding the daughter of a king, and also he doubted whether the poison made from the purple berry would work on an Immortal. Suddenly, he had a splendid idea. . . .

I invariably found, when telling stories to the children, that at some point the characters were on the verge of a brilliant action which I was quite unable to invent for them. I could go on evading the difficulty but not indefinitely so at this point I usually ran a pin into Junissimus and sent all to bed for disorderly behaviour. Even now, however, I lie awake in the night wondering what little Ephraim's splendid idea actually was.





"Tell me, tell me, where are you sailing—shipmates o' mine? . . ."

Lebensraum

I HAD a bedroom where I slept for twenty years.

It was all mine from roof to floor,
from floor to door.
It knew me as I was, my loves and fears,
and bore the scars and fancies of my age.

The fire-guard where Nanny warmed my
socks,
cress growing in a cardboard box,
two lovebirds in a cage,
my height marked in pencil on the wall,
large pink sea-shells gathered here and there,
a china pot from Weston-super-Mare,
a dented ping-pong ball.

These were all swept away and in their stead
blossomed on mantelpiece and table
photographs of Clark Gable.
Jack Buchanan swung above my head,

and I would lie there in the foolishness of
youth,
gloriously sad and infinitely wise,
seeking the limpid eyes
of Greta Garbo to discover Truth.

The years passed, and I would come at
night,
home from the ballroom and its floodlit gold
to the quiet cold
of shadowed objects in the hanging light;
and I would dream and sigh and dream again
in this small space that was my very own.
Alone, alone,

I wept my tears onto the counterpane,
as now my exiled heart in patience weeps;
for in that room so much a part of me,
a major in the H.A.C.
combs his moustache and cleans his teeth, and sleeps.

V. G.



WESTWARD HO!

"Come along, boys! We can't waste any more time on Mussolini's sands."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, January 19th.—House of Lords: *Felo de se* is Proposed—but only in Fun.

House of Commons: Hail—and Farewell!

Wednesday, January 20th.—House of Commons: Deep Secrecy.

Thursday, January 21st.—House of Commons: Still Deeper Secrecy.

Tuesday, January 19th.—So swiftly does Father Time drive through history, these hectic days, that it seemed an age since Parliament last sat, and Members turned up to-day, after the Christmas recess, with piles of questions to be asked, mounds of motions to be moved, crowds of complaints to air, and endless emotions to run through.

Particularly the emotions.

Mr. Speaker had no sooner taken his Chair than he rose in a silent House to mention that death—who takes no recesses—had claimed two Members since last the House sat. Both gallantly died on the field of battle: Lord APSLEY and Colonel SOMERSET MAXWELL.

Then to Question Time. Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, was asked to provide the nation with more alarm-clocks—the absence of them had led to a quaint strike of railwaymen during the recess—but could promise only to do his best.

Alarm-clocks, it seems, mostly come from the U.S.A., on a lease-lend basis, and man-power shortage makes impracticable the adoption of Mr. WILL THORNE's alternative suggestion that we should restore to power those Gentlemen-of-the-Long-Pole, "knockers-up."

Sir JAMES GRIGG, Minister for War, forward, please!

Now, sir: Why did you stop the Army from discussing the Beveridge Report on Social Services, by preventing officers from having the Army Bureau of Current Affairs "brief" on the subject?

Because, answered Sir JAMES, steely of eye and voice, I felt it inappropriate that the Army should, at compulsory

parades, discuss a plan that even Parliament has not yet discussed. Because I felt that an official "brief" (like Justice) should not only be objective, but should manifestly appear to be objective. Because I am one of the original parents (that is what he said) of the ABCA scheme, and want its high reputation for objectivity maintained. So there!

The High Court of Parliament is always inclined to acquit—or, at most, bind over—an offender who pleads

(arising like a giant moderately refreshed) issued the pronouncement that this policy "Sounds futile—and is futile!"

Hearty laughter, in which Sir JAMES joined. Thus fortified, the War Minister promised simplification of the Army's pay system. To the mere layman, the "simplification" sounded anything but simple, but it is all, doubtless, a matter of relativity. Each man is to have a "slip" in his pay-book—as a check on slips of another kind in the Royal Army Pay Department. Nobody understood it, and even the Minister shied at details, promising them in writing—later.

A demand for "common-sense" brought from Sir JAMES this: "I am all in favour of exercising common-sense but not up to the point where it becomes uncommon nonsense."

MR. DE LA BERE's comment on this was that "his right honourable friend was ignorant of what he was ignorant of." Which is no doubt very cutting, once the grammar has been sharpened up a bit.

Sir HENRY MORRIS-JONES sought a special badge for all Welsh soldiers, whatever their corps or regiment, but was told by Sir JAMES that it could not be done. Sir HENRY still thinks it can, and will say so, some time, on the adjournment.

Sir JAMES, before the limelight moved, also made the interesting revelation that, in its dealings with the Treasury, the War Office adopted the rule that "Dog don't eat dog." He did not say whether the Treasury was also vegetarian—although we all know the Treasury has its "points."

The House gave a roaring cheer to Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Father of the House of Commons, to mark his 80th birthday. (By the way, does his position as Father of the House make him husband of the Mother of Parliaments?) As Mr. ANTHONY EDEN rightly said, he is a great Commons man, and one who in 53 years of unbroken membership has seen many and great changes. "L.G." was clearly surprised and delighted by his reception, and it was in an emotionally husky voice that he returned thanks,



"For half a century he has been a champion in our lists."

Mr. Eden, on the occasion of Mr. Lloyd George's eightieth birthday.

With Mr. Punch's respectful congratulations to the Father of the House of Commons.

guilty (even if a trifle defiantly) and Sir JAMES got off with a caution. The court was all the more merciful because of a strong feeling that he was the noble, if willing, foster-parent of another's chee-ild, and that the mistake (if such it be) was made by someone else.

Sir JAMES announced that the Army was to be responsible for ensuring that the noisy bells, intended as an invasion warning, did not, in the hour of trial, whether on Bredon or elsewhere, obey the behest of the Fifth Columnist Shropshire lad and "be dumb!" Whereupon Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE



"They might have found us a more comfortable billet—I've got a sore throat."

smiling with kindly eloquence on all around him when words (for once) failed him.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, Production Minister, brought Members abruptly back to the harsher realities by an announcement that a change of "emphasis" from the defensive to the offensive would involve switches of many men and women war-workers from one job to another, and a change-over from less essential to more essential work for many thousands of others.

Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHEY demanded that, since we are all (in some degree) "man-power," the public had a right to know the Government's plans, man-power, for the use of. Therefore, said he, with faultless logic, the coming two-days' debate should not be in secret. Mr. EDEN dangled the never-failing (if rarely swallowed) bait that, this time, there really *were* secrets to be given, and the matter dropped. The fish are easily hooked on this topic.

Sir DENNIS HERBERT, for years Deputy Speaker, said farewell to the Chair, and offered his resignation, which the House accepted with genuine regret.

In the Lords, Lord WINSTER was sardonic at the expense of the Govern-

ment on the topic of secrecy. Why not, he asked, go into permanent secret session, emerging only when there was some statement highly favourable to the Government to be made. Parliament did not show up at its best in the dim light of the secret session—and, moreover, nobody ever said anything that could not perfectly well be said in public.

Lord CRANBORNE, Leader of the House and mover of the frequent secret session motions, looked hurt and scandalized, and maintained that secrets had often been given in secret session. Of course, the House went into secret.

Wednesday, January 20th.—The Commons were not in their most exalted form to-day. They bickered and "nattered" about all sorts of little things. There was a highly-undignified rumpus about the appointment of a new Deputy-Chairman of Committees, for which Major JAMES MILNER was nominated.

Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, who declared himself to be the only Independent M.P., objected to the proposal on the ground that it had not previously been canvassed. The subsequent proceedings were not of the happiest, and Lord WINTERTON, as

Deputy-Father of the House, got a big cheer when he roundly described Mr. HOPKINSON's contribution as "malicious." Eventually, the appointment was approved.

The matter of secrecy was referred to again, Mr. ANEUKIN BEVAN announcing that it would be impossible to keep the resentment of the public within bounds if the habit of making every debate of public interest a secret one persisted. Lord WINTERTON, with a happy blend of publicity and secrecy, announced that, in secret session, he would raise a row about the secrecy of the debate that very day. One gathered that in that he would not be alone.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, Leader of the Opposition, also protested about the secrecy, and was warmly cheered.

Of course, the House went into secret. Man-power, it would seem, is a matter exclusively for our betters—or is it only that *talking* about it is? Anyway, the all-obliterating screen descended.

Thursday, January 21st.—Secrecy more impenetrable than ever descended on the nation's representatives while they discussed man-power once more. It looks as if the Commons have adopted the Winster Plan.



"If I didn't sometimes give you things you don't like, how would I have any scraps for the chickens?"

Little Talks

I DO not see the name of Joad among the seven possible candidates at your Bristol by-election.

Why should you?

Well, according to the papers, he complains that on the Brains Trust he is not allowed to discuss serious political questions.

And he's quite right. It's absurd that men like him should have to answer questions like: *How does a fly get up?* or *How does a cow land on the ceiling?*

There is no reason, so far as I know, why he should answer questions about flies or cows. The Grand Giggle Gathering is not compulsory. If, however, he insists on discussing serious politics let him come into Parliament, where serious politics can be discussed with serious purpose and effect. It is true that we don't get twenty guineas a week—

You get far too much.

Maybe. We get about half what the Brains Trust gets. And we work rather longer hours.

Well, anyhow, men like Joad are too good for Parliament.

But I thought you thought that Parliament was not good enough?

When did I say that?

You said we got far too much. I thought you meant—

Well, yes, I do, really. Parliament has lost all prestige with the people.

Has it? I never meet anybody who doesn't say he'd like to hear a debate some day if it could be arranged. Every Member gets dozens of letters a day asking him to do something or other in Parliament, or to "use his influence" as a Member of Parliament—

Oh, well—

And, by the way, isn't it rather odd that at Bristol alone, according to report, there are seven citizens offering themselves for a single seat in this despised assembly?

Extraordinary, I agree.

Well, then, if there is still an eagerness to enter our Chamber, to hear our debates, and to utilize our powers, are you so sure that the prestige of Parliament has fallen a long way?

Yes.

Very well. No doubt you are right. We must improve Parliament. Unless, of course, you want to do away with it. Do you?

Well, no—not exactly.

You can't do away with it vaguely. However. Now, how we are to improve Parliament? Partly, perhaps, by getting better men—

And better machinery.

Quite. Let us begin with the men. Your view, I take it, is that there are at least six hundred and fifteen much

better men outside the House of Commons than the six hundred and fifteen inside it?

Of course. Well, I don't know about six hundred and fifteen—

We won't press that. The trouble is that the better men outside are far too busy making money at their own businesses, trades, or professions—

Doing better work, you mean.

Can there be any "better work" than making the country's laws and guiding the King's Ministers?

Come off it.

Well, old boy, you want better men in Parliament. I was merely pointing out that for best men in any branch of life it may mean a considerable sacrifice to enter Parliament.

Oh, rats! Six hundred a year!

I was not thinking of money, only—though six hundred (less income tax) is no great shakes to the "best" men anyhow. What did you mean when you said that Joad was "too good" for Parliament?

Well, he'd be wasted. He wouldn't have time to write so much, read so much, teach so much.

Quite. A sacrifice.

For the country, yes.

Not, surely, if he was an excellent Member, and rose to be an excellent Minister. You do think he'd be an excellent Member?

Of course. He knows everything.

And can talk like a tap. I agree. But what a pity that he is not standing for Bristol!

He'd never get through the old Party barrage.

Why not? Five of the seven "possibles," I understand, have nothing to do with the "effete old Parties." And, judging by recent results, an "independent" well known to the people can walk in anywhere.

But I don't suppose for a moment that Joad wants to—

Have you asked him? Has anybody asked him?

Well, no. Not that I know of.

But you're an elector—a Bristol elector! You go about complaining that Parliament's no good—full of bad men. You complain about the Party System—

And "the Party truce."

Quite. But now, when they both look a bit shaky, you won't lift a finger to get what you want. Don't you realize that as an intelligent—and disgruntled—elector you have some responsibilities too?

I'm too busy, old boy.

Well, then, pipe down, old boy. And be thankful that there are a few people still who are not too busy to do something—as well as grumble.



"I sold one to a Commando the other day."

Oh, yes. So, as usual, I gather you're quite content with everything as it is?

Not at all. I'm full of constructive notions. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't advise a friend of mine to stand at the Bristol election; because with seven candidates and the single vote the result would be fortuitous—and might be farcical.

I know. That's what I meant about not asking Joad.

No, you didn't. You never thought of it. But that's one of the first things you ought to think of. The Single Transferable Vote.

"P.R."?

Well, it's a sort of Proportional Representation, I suppose, yes—the simplest sort.

But still too complicated for the people.

To a people brought up on crossword puzzles and football-pools it would be child's-play. Anyhow, the people are not called upon to do the sums. They know enough to name three horses, so to speak; and the book-maker does the rest.

But with that system you can still have a "split vote," can't you?

No. There's no "splitting the vote" and no slipping in on a minority of the votes. Every man has one vote—but every vote counts.

You'll still have money counting far too much.

I agree. And there are some good ideas about that. Election expenses

are already limited by law—and might be more so. But besides that you might make it illegal for any Member to spend money on his constituency.

What—no subscriptions to the Cricket Club?

No. Nor the Football Club either. Nor the new wing of the hospital. Not a thing. I'd make it so that all a constituency had to expect from its Member would be capacity and service.

Cutting out the Candidates' Auction?

Yes. Their income wouldn't matter a thing to a Selection Committee.

Ah, but what about themselves? What about money given to a Member?

If you mean money given to a Member to induce him to take a particular line, or action, that's grossly illegal already. So, I imagine, would be a regular subvention dependent on his defending in general a particular interest. But suppose a man had so many obligations, or children, or what-not, that he couldn't afford to live on £600, and those who wanted to see him serving his country generally in Parliament clubbed together, *without conditions*, I don't see how there could be much objection. But that's rather a delicate and difficult question.

Well, then there's Parliamentary procedure?

What is your opinion of our Parliamentary procedure?

Pretty poor.

Can you say exactly how you would reform our Parliamentary procedure?

Not "exactly"—no.

No? You surprise me. Well, think it over, old boy, and we'll have another talk.

A. P. H.

Detachment

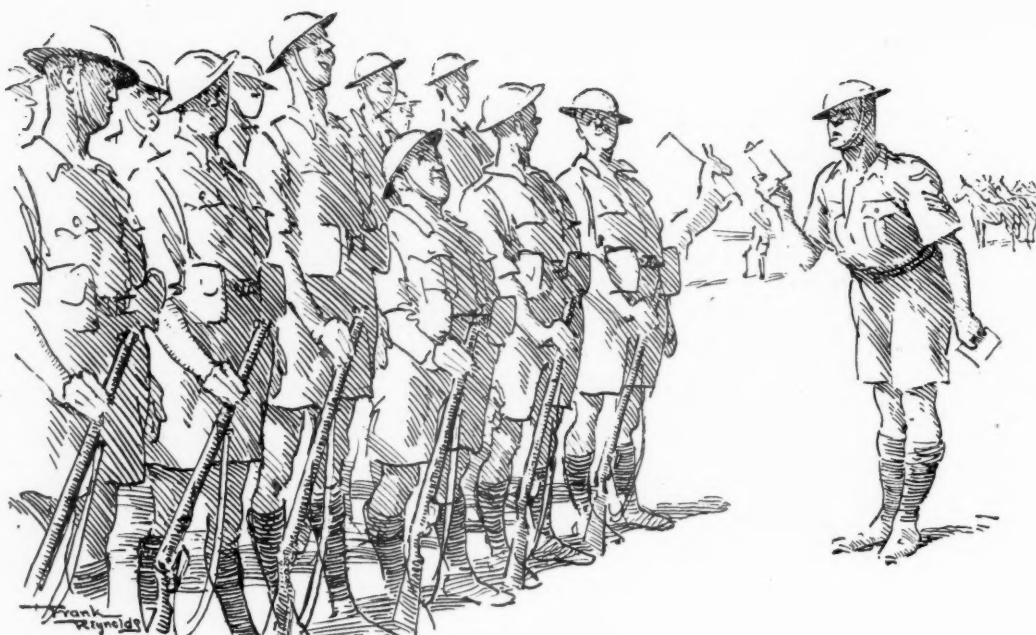
"HOW fares the right," said I,
"And are its forces strong
Still against tyranny
And slavery and wrong?"

I spoke to one I met
Along an Irish vale.
He said "They're at it yet,
Still fighting tooth and nail.

Only let Right and Wrong
Not try to interfere,
But keep where they belong
And bring no trouble here."

ANON.





"Fall out the man who wrote a letter to 'My Scrumptious Bit of Sugar' and signed himself 'Your Great Big Curly-headed Boy,' and report at once to the Battalion Censor."

Still More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

ONE SWALLOW

IT is pretty generally agreed that one swallow does not make a summer. But there is nothing to keep you from going on swallowing. And after all, a lot depends on what you swallow, I should think.

BE YOURSELF

Everybody keeps saying "Well, just be yourself, that's the main thing. Be yourself, old boy." And jolly good advice it is, too, if you are a good person to be. But supposing you are no good? Would it not be better to be somebody else?

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

The dog is man's best friend, according to dogs and men. Horses, I am told, do not agree, but the rest of us are willing to admit it. If a dog wants to be my best friend, he is more than welcome. But the dog often forgets that I am his best friend, too. The man is dog's best friend, obviously, yet how few of us ever pay tribute to his touching loyalty, his blind faith,

his devotion which never asks for any reward? I have seen men waiting patiently just for the chance of going for a walk with a dog; it doesn't matter what the weather or time of day may be, they are always ready. I have seen other men, or possibly the same men, waiting at the door for a dog to come home. They know what hour to expect him and there they sit, their eyes fixed intelligently on the street down which he may appear. When he arrives, he may have no welcome for them, but they are content. They do not ask for much. The dog's gruffest greeting is enough for them. Even when he is angry, they forgive him. I even knew of a man who woke a dog up when he heard burglars in the house; the dog went to sleep again, but the man had done his best, anyhow.

ON THANKING PEOPLE FOR GIFTS

Unless you are very glib, it is hard to make your thanks sound genuine and spontaneous when you have to open a present in front of the chap who has just given it to you. Even when you are truly grateful, you have to express

your excitement and pleasure and other difficult things in a way which may fail to satisfy either of you. It is much better to open the parcel in private and then write him a nice letter. Everybody knows that. Well, can you imagine having to open parcels in front of a critical audience *before breakfast*? If you can, you will know what it is like to be married. It just shows you.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI

Most people despise Mussolini much more than they do Hitler. The general idea seems to be that Hitler works harder than Mussolini and is therefore less worthy of scorn. Well, I'd like to ask just what kind of work it is that Hitler does. It doesn't sound like a very good sort of profession to me. Tigers work harder than vultures and are often very busy indeed when they have a job in hand, but in the long run they do just as much harm. Jack the Ripper worked like anything, when he was in the mood, while Chicago gangsters are often sluggish and shiftless, but I see little to choose between them. And just look at germs as opposed to

poisons; the lazy poisons are lifeless, whereas the germs are busy as bees, but if you asked me whether I'd have half a pint of prussic acid or half a pint of bubonic plague, I'd leave it to you. It seems much the same to me.

TOBACCO ASH

One of the most interesting things, if you are a messy smoker, is to see how little crumbs of tobacco and flecks of ash can change punctuation when dropped at random on the page you are reading. Many a full stop has suddenly become an interesting, if slightly misleading, exclamation mark when it gets a long fleck in a vertical position above the dot. Instead of the author telling you it was a Friday, he suddenly says "It was Friday!" and you feel all agog, you scarcely know why. And this is only one of the many benefits of smoking. Of course, no amount of ash can make any appreciable increase in the number of exclamations in a writer like E. Brontë. Even those two little dots over the "e" are really there all

the time. Though of course you could make it E. Brontë, couldn't you?

ON PLANNING ONE'S LIFE

It is a very good plan never to marry a still-life painter if you are fond of hot meals served on time. Of course a chap who specializes in cold left-overs is all right, but beware of the one who wants to paint a hot plate of food before anyone is allowed to eat it.

BRANDS AND SUCH

A question that has always interested me very much is what happens to a brand that is plucked from the fire? It has been saved from the burning all right, but what does it do then? Any fuel that is ever saved around my house is always used as fuel later on.

REFERENCES

If a chap brings you references and you tell him you don't care for the sound of them at all, are you slandering him or the authors of the references or both or neither? It seems to me

that this is rather important, yet I can't find any cases on the subject. You'd think the Law Society would go round provoking leading cases just to clear up points like this. But it doesn't.

A Manner of Speaking

"LIFT up your heads and smile, my Nazi brothers;
Of all our winters this will be the best.
All hostile ships are sunk, plus several others,
And Rommel is advancing to the West.

"As well you know, in Europe there is no land
Which can disturb our prospects in the least,
And soon our men will be invading Poland
A second time, and this time from the East."



"You know tobacco is a slow poison."
"That's all right, lady—I'm in no 'urry."



Morgan Wilson.

"Here's a quite new sort of mystery story—shortage of paper compelled the publishers to omit the final chapter."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Milton's First Wife

THE great Puritans of the seventeenth century no longer command the veneration which they enjoyed while Carlyle's influence was at its height. Cromwell, Bunyan and Milton have all been roughly treated of late years, and there is therefore some exaggeration in the dust-cover description of Mr. ROBERT GRAVES's *Wife to Mr. Milton* (CASSELL, 10/6) as "a reconstruction, from hints and fragments, of a story that critics and schoolmasters have never dared to be quite honest about." Compared with Mr. Hilaire Belloc's account of the wooing by Milton of his first wife, Mr. GRAVES's is almost flattering, little though it is likely to please those for whom Milton is still an almost sacred figure.

Hardly anything is known about Mary Powell, Milton's first wife, except that she was the daughter of a country gentleman who lived near Oxford and, being in embarrassed circumstances, applied for assistance to Milton's father, a moneylender. Victorian critics dismissed her as a frivolous girl, ill-suited to be the helpmate of a great religious poet. Mr. GRAVES has redressed the balance by picturing her as a warm-hearted girl, witty, intelligent and full of spirit. She is in love with Edmund Verney, who takes the King's side when the Civil War breaks out; and though, to make things easier for her father, she marries Milton, she remains in love with Verney. This, according to Mr. GRAVES, is chiefly the fault of Milton, who appears throughout as an unrelenting prig and pedant, and is described by Mary as "fretful, keen-minded, proud, unwearied, subject to headaches, quarrelsome, always crouched before a book with pen-and-paper beside him." His humourless self-love makes him ridiculous, but his self-assurance is so stupendous that he never altogether ceases to command a reluctant respect as, for example, at the marriage banquet when, with everyone about him getting drunk as quickly as possible, he rises to his feet, in his plain

black suit with fine lace and crystal buttons, and for over three-quarters of an hour stands there, completely sober, "tracing the honourable history of matrimony from the most ancient times to the present." The one thing Mr. GRAVES never allows Milton to be is a poet. What poetry the book contains is all in the love of Mary Powell and Edmund Verney for one another. When they meet again after many years Mary says, "While we both live, it is something to know ourselves bound together in the same faggot of Time, though lying far apart." Some flash of feeling as poignant as this might have been given to the poet of *Lycidas*.

H. K.

Blairstown

How charming and how intelligent a novelist has been lost in RACHEL FIELD, her posthumous book *And Now Tomorrow* (COLLINS, 8/6) abundantly proves. This portrays a gallant and tender-hearted heroine, deriving on her father's side from American mill-owners and on her mother's from Polish-American mill-hands. *Emily Blair's* divided sympathies are claimed by the mill's hopeless endeavour to handle the slump of 1929 in the old-fashioned personal way that involves owners nowadays in an industrial worst-of-both-worlds. The family's solicitude for their workers and the quality of their goods handicaps their competition with the cut-price and cut-quality combines up against them. Blairstown labour, on the other hand, derides charitable concessions and carries on a relentless war to obtain effective control of the industry. Each camp importunes *Emily's* sense of justice; and her anguish is increased by the provision of a suitable *fiancé* in the business and a more congenial admirer sprung from the reddest of red ranks. The fact that little secret is made of the trend of her allegiance in no way detracts from the interest of her story—an interest rooted in its sensitive display of human nature and the exigencies of a real and tragic dilemma.

H. P. E.

Walk Up

What we expect from fairs is fun. Unluckily, fun seems to be the one element which escapes Mr. WILLSON DISHER, the great authority on the showman, canvas, sawdust and red noses. His contribution to the "Britain in Pictures" series is *Fairs, Circuses and Music Halls* (COLLINS, 4/6), and it bears heavy traces of the effort of condensing enormous knowledge into just under fifty pages. Erudition is an admirable thing, but it won't jump through paper hoops, paw the ground, or be sold at three goes for two-pence. There seems, in short, to be something wrong with the treatment, which is just the same in this little book as it was in Mr. DISHER's exhaustive studies of his subject. We don't feel *endimanchés*. The wonderful illustrations, prints and water-colours, washed with sunlight and gaslight, make the text seem stuffy. The characters of the ring and stage certainly jostle each other, as the phrase goes, in these pages, but they are jostled in their turn by so many facts, dates and directions that the reader is left gasping for air. It is almost impossible, however, to pass by the entrance to a fair unmoved, even in print, and this book should therefore be a successful graduate to the series.

P. M. F.

China, Gay and Grave

It is not easy to weld the fantastic and the realistic. Each has its own world on which the other impinges at its peril. Mr. S. I. HSUNG's new novel, which opens in an almost Pickwickian fashion, has the air of changing its mind midway and embarking on a less imaginative course. Chapter One of *The Bridge of Heaven* (DAVIES, 10/6)

discloses a preposterous and amusing Chinese mansion of 1879: a mansion divided between a rich brother and a poor one. *Li Ming*, the elder, is "a philanthropist by profession"—a figure after Dickens' own heart; and as long as *Li Ming* concerns himself with the begetting or adoption of an heir (and eluding the unforeseen consequences of being landed with one of each kind) his quandaries are both racy and amusing. Once one has assisted at *Li Ming's* inimitable death-bed, shades of the prison-house begin to close upon his real son, *Shiao Ming*, the gentleman, and his adopted son, *Ta Tung*, the revolutionary. The latter's adventures, involved in the creation of a republican China on strictly Russian lines, are interesting enough in themselves. One realizes with humility that it is the escapist as well as the connoisseur of humour who regrets the passing of *Li Ming*.

H. P. E.

One of Our Pilots is Safe.

Flight-Lieutenant WILLIAM SIMPSON crashed after shooting up a German column invading Luxemburg. Though terribly burnt, he managed to reach the Allied lines with his companions, and spent the next eighteen months in hospital in Vichy France. He tells his story in *One of Our Pilots is Safe* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6), the title of which has considerable irony. It is a plain book and a good book, first for its studiously unemotional account of the most agonizing experiences, and not a little for the amateur but very informative glimpses of the Frenchmen of the fall. Another man might have fixed his whole attention on the gradual renaissance of a body lamentably maimed: Flight-Lieutenant SIMPSON merely suggests the true preoccupations of this *alter ego*. With remarkable resilience he turned his thoughts outward, noted the poor morale of the French wounded, eventually explored the towns in which he was stationed, and made a number of interesting friends. "Nearly all the French people," he decides, "are pro-British in so far as they look to Britain and America to help them . . ." and he adds, "Almost every man or woman to whom I talked in France listened-in regularly to the B.B.C. programmes in French." Hardly less worth recording is what he saw on his last flight: "The most striking thing about our approach to the frontier was that there was nothing unusual to see. There were no visible signs of the French Army . . . no lorries, guns, troops. Was there any army at all there? If so, it was perfectly concealed." J. S.

Calamity

The attempt to cramp a serious study of an immense catastrophe within the forms of fiction is no more successful in ILYA EHRENBURG's novel, *The Fall of Paris* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6), than might reasonably be expected. The writer, having determined to typify in individual characters all the principal strains of opinion or status to be found in the political, military or civil life of France, has been driven to create a vast number of disconnected characters, all of about equal weight in the narrative, all appearing and disappearing at set intervals, most of them unpleasant and none of them really alive. Most readers will soon abandon the effort to sympathize with the members of such a cast or even eventually to distinguish them, and will concentrate on the action. This fortunately, at any rate in the latter part of the book, is better worth attention though still capable of rousing a considerable sense of opposition. If French politics before the crash really had been such a fungoid growth of opportunist intrigue, if there really had been so small a leaven of honest work and patriotism or even of common decency among the people of France, then defeat might well have been inevitable. No one in this

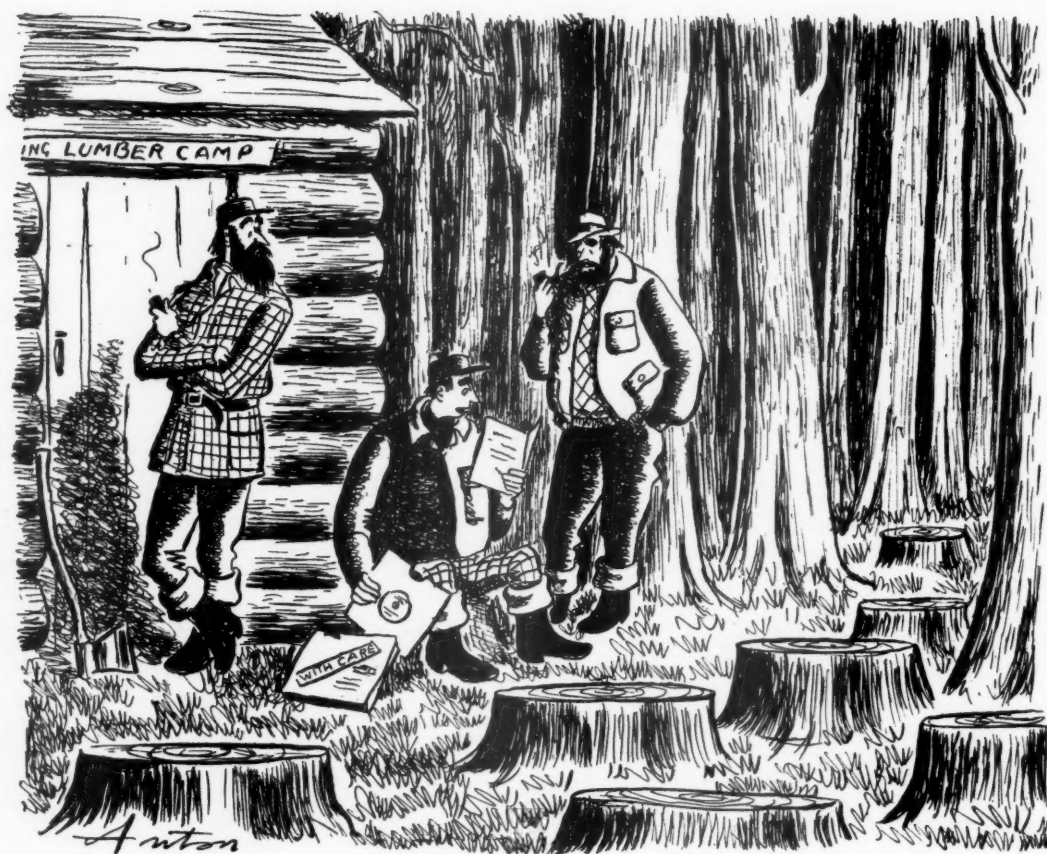
country will reach such a conclusion in regard to our old friend and ally. The author in accepting too easy and base a solution to a desperate problem declares that France was destroyed through the treachery and improvidence of her leaders, and that of the populace only one small section retained courage and dignity. Episodes of the fighting come out with a gruesome realism that attests the author's power, but his book is a casting set in a pre-arranged mould, not a free out-pouring of the spirit. C. C. P.

Sad End of a Publisher

I dare say it is maudlin of me, but I like the corpse in a crime novel to have been a thoroughly distasteful person and the incidental characters to be the sort of cheerful useless convivia one would wish to invite to one's own murder. But, though I get sad about nice remains and edge away from the crowd unless it is friendly, I am wonderfully insensitive to the hero so long as he gets on with his job and is not too good at cricket. *Toby Dyke* passes both these tests in *Your Neck in a Noose* (HODDER AND STROUT, 8/6); and if I regret for my own sake that the victim is a gentle publisher and the suspects a singularly unattractive crew, I must add that Miss ELIZABETH FERRARS knows how to put this kind of story together and keep it going. She writes well in a hard, rather streamlined way, and distributes the appearances of guilt with ingenuity. It was a good idea to devise a situation in which, as one nark says to another, what we have on our hands is a corpse without a murder and a murder without a corpse. But I think other readers besides myself may feel—not to put too fine a point on it—that the key to one vital piece of action was put a little easily in the bag. E. O. D. K.



"How exactly do you mean 'Am I responsible for this incident'?"



"... and so for your birthday I'm sending you a record of that lovely ballad 'Trees'."

I Keap a Dairy*

By Smith Minor

LAST Xmas I was given seven dairies, and as you can't keap more than one, well, how can you, I swopped six for (1) a sardine, (2) Sir Staford Cripps's ortograh, at least we think it is, (3) a wistle, (4) a watch that wuold go all right if it had any hands, it not having, (5) tuppence in farthings, and (6) another sardine, but I cuoldn't get anything for the other dairy, so I desided to keap the one I kept, wich I grant you sounds funny but you know what I mean, to see how it worked out, and, well, this is how it worked out, i.e.:—

FRIDAY, JAN. 1ST, 1943

Got up at 7.36, fealing a rather cuerious pain. It went at 8.1. For breakfast the Piece of Resistance, as they call it, was an orange. Thort:

Why do they call it a piece of resistance, you don't resist it, you fall upon it. End of Thort. Went for a walk. Came back. Went for another walk. Came back. For lunch there wasn't a Piece of Resistance, so afterwords I ate one of my sardines. Thort: Is one suposed to eat the backbone if that's what it is that goes up the middle? I don't. End of Thort. Wrote a letter to Aunt Emely, the one who lives alone and is not very well, thinking she might like it, but not being sure, she having bad eyesite and keaping on losing her glasses, but, well, anyhow I wrote to her. Went for another walk, and sat on a seat, and thort a bit about Life. When I got back I tried to think what I'd thort, but cuoldn't. Was sorry,

becorse it had seamed imporent. In the evening had my other sardine. Felt the cuerious pain again. It went after 6½ minits. Counted up my money. Three and sevenpence. Was glad, becorse the last time I counted it was three and fivpence. Wrote in my dairy, read what I'd written up to here, and desided that if I have any more Thorts I won't write "End of Thort" any more to save space, after all when you come to the end, you know. Went to bed at 9.16½, and when I'd got as far as my braces remembered that the last time I'd counted my money I hadn't had the tuppence in farthings.

SATURDAY, Jan. 2nd, 1943

I arose to-day at 7.29, thinking I had the cuerious pain, and then finding I hadn't. Thort: How strange is this

* For seven days. Author.

thing called Life! One day you arise feeling like a bruised turtel, yet lo! the next day you arise feeling like a sawing eagle! Am I the same person, you ask yourself? Yet you are. And when you look at other poeple, such as your Maths. Master, say, how do you know that thouh they are the same to you, they may not be diferent unto theirselves, fealing up, say, on Wendesday, but down, say, on Thursday? I feal one shuold remember this.

After breakfast, there being no Piece of Resistance this time, I spent the morning getting two matches, striking the heads so as not to waist them, and then splitting them till I had two bits as thin as paper, and then making little holes in one end, and sharpening the other. Then I spent the afternoon trying to fix them on to the watch I have without hands, but cuoldn't. Went to bed fealing rather tired. Thort in bed: If I had manidged to do it, and if I had not struck the matches, wuold they have struck themselves when they met at twelve o'clock?

SUNDAY, JAN. 3RD, 1943

Arose at 7.49. Felt the pain again. Wondered if to say anything about it or not, and desided not. Went for a walk and met a man who said he was rather like a camel.

"I see what you mean," I said, "only you haven't got a hump."

"I don't mean in looks," he said. "Oh, then what do you mean?" I said.

"Well, a camel can go a long time without water and I can go a long time without food," he said.

"How long can you go?" I said. "I've gone as long as nine days," he said.

"*Mon chapeaux*," I said.

"What?" he said.

"My hat," I said.

"Oh," he said.

"Do you do it in a glass cage and do poeple come and look at you?" I said.

He seamed surprized, so I told him some poeple did it for money at shows, and then he told me that he only did it becorse he cuoldn't get any money and that he hadn't had any food scince the New Year.

"Do you mean you're broak?" I said.

"Stoney," he said.

"My hat," I said.

Luckily I had my three and sevenpence on me, so I gave him two and sevenpence, encluding the farthings to make it look more, wich leaves me with a shilling not counting the fourpence I say Robinson owes me and he says he dosen't.

Went to bed at 8.13, a kiddish time, but I felt a bit hot.

MONDAY, JAN. 4TH, 1943

Did not arise at all to-day owing to the return of the cuerious pain, in fact we having the doctor for me, and he and I having the folowing conversashun, i.e.:

Doctor: "Have you been eating anything between meals?"

Me: "Yes."

Doctor: "Ah! When?"

Me: "Jan. 1st, 1943."

Doctor: "Oh! Well, what?"

Me: "Two sardines."

Doctor: "Did you eat them with anything?"

Me: "Yes, my hands."

Doctor: "Come, come, did you eat them with any other food?"

Me: "Oh, I see. No, only with each other."

Doctor: "What?"

Me: "And not the backbones."

Doctor: "Whose backbones?"

Me: "The sardines."

Doctor: "I think I'd better take your tempershure."

Wich he did, and then he gavo me some medisine, and lo! the pain went.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5TH, 1943

I arose again today, but stayed indoors as you always have to after a day in bed, no matter if you feal as fit as the perverble fiddle. Thort: Why is a fiddle suposed to be so fit, and wuold it be as sensible to say you were as well as a violin, and if not, why not? In the morning I lost my wistle down a mouse-hole, and then spent the rest of the day trying to get it up again. I didn't get it up again,

"My efforts being doomed to failure,

I think the wistle's in Australia," but I got up three other things, i.e.:

(1) A hairpin.

(2) A cuerious ball of cobwhebbly



stuff that I beleive I cuold of worked up into a ripping false mustarch if they'd let me.

(3) The mouse.

Thort: Why dose a dairy get harder and harder to think of things to write in?

WENDESDAY, JAN. 6TH, 1943

The only interesting thing that hapened today, if it was interesting, was about Sir Staford Cripps's ortografh, the boy who swopped it with me wanting it back, he saying he found it too much of a swotte to keap a dairy, and I granting him I was finding it a swotte, too, but if I find it a swotte to keap one dairy how cuold he expeckt me to keap two, how cuold anyone, but I then saying he cuold have the ortografh back if he liked for three-pence, and he then saying he only had tuppence, I beleiving him having heard that his poeple's money was in Rubber, so giving it to him for a penny, not wanting him to be rooked of everything, knowing myself what it is like. After writing the above, read it throuh, and desided it was not interesting. Thort: If you are

keaping a dairy and there is nothing interesting, may you leave the page a blanke?

THURSDAY, JAN. 7TH, 1943

Today Green came to see me for the first time after his mumps, and the first thing he said was, "Why are you looking like a cod that has lost its mother?"

"I don't grant that I am," I said, "but I was wondering what to write in my dairy."

"Why write anything?" he said.

"If you have a dairy you must keap it," I said.

"Then why have it?" he said.

"You have to have it if you've got it," I said, "and if you've got it you can't waist it."

"Is anybody going to read your dairy besides you?" he said.

"I don't expeckt so," I said.

And then he said, "Old boy, you can waist time as well as paper, and poeple who keap dairies write in them 365 times per year, wich at even only ten minits per time is 3650 minits, or over 60 hours. Are you going to tell me it's worth 60 hours to write what nobody

else will ever read and what you alreddy know?"

"I see what you mean," I said.

And one's got to admit, one did. So after a lot of thort I desided (1) to give up keaping a dairy so as not to waist any more time, (2) to give the rest of the dairy to the Salvidge so as not to waist any more paper, and (3) to send what I had alreddy written to *Punch*, so as not to have waisted the time and paper I'd alreddy used.

And, can you get away from it, wasn't this the best way out?

o o

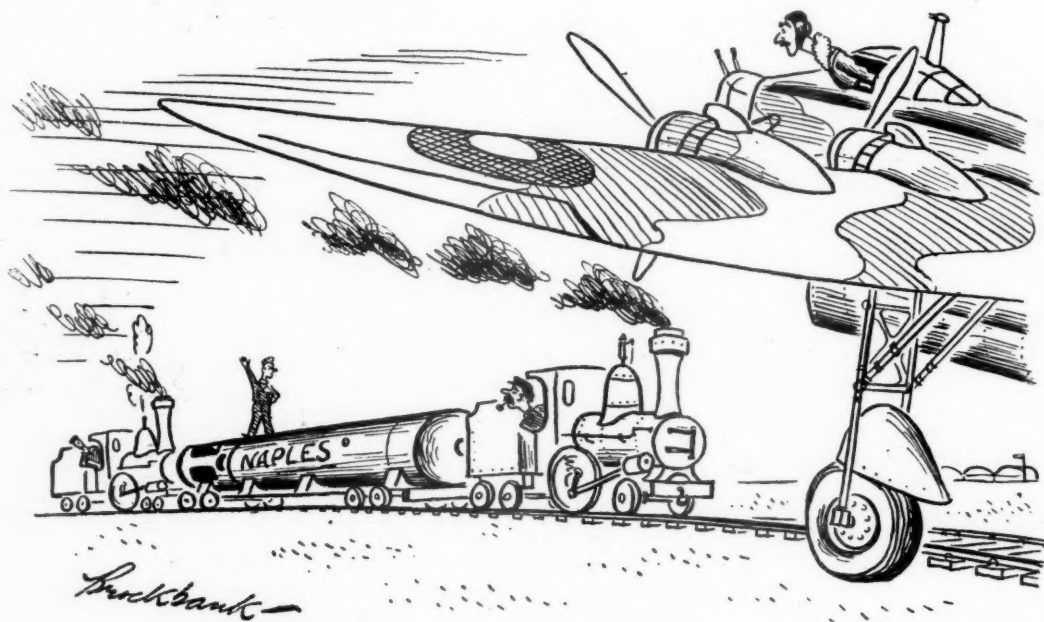
Another Impending Apology

"BILLETS required in Dorchester for members of the Women's Land Army. Please send particulars to the Pests Officer, Dorset War Agricultural Executive Committee."—*Dorset Daily Echo*.

o o

"Evidence was given that the father was on Home Guard duty and that the boy twice went to a public-house—an unprecedented occurrence—buying two bottles of beer."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

A horrible story.



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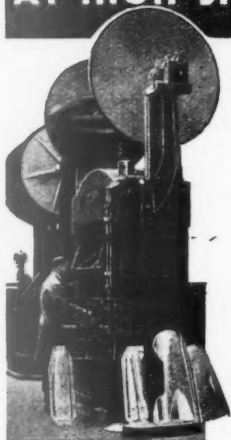
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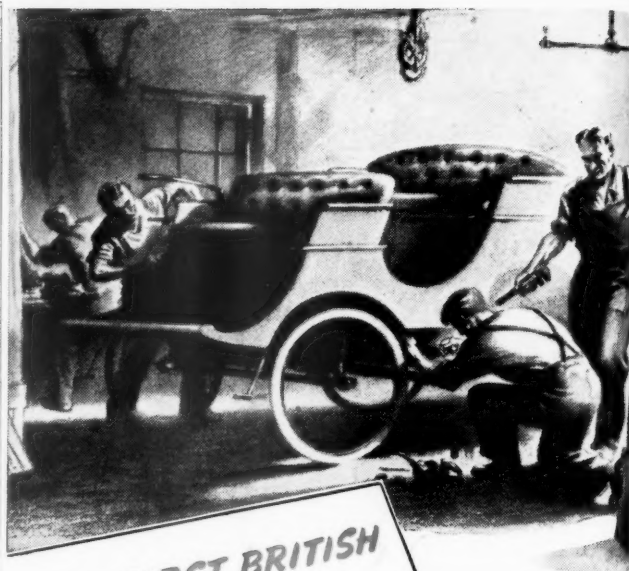
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